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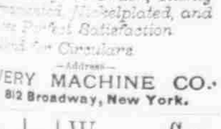

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WON FOR A WAGER.

The general quitted the room, and Isabel advanced toward our hero.

Fixing her beautiful eyes upon him, and placing her hands in his, she exclaimed:

"Captain St. Albans, it is impossible to thank you adequately for the service you have rendered me! But believe me I feel it deeply, and shall never forget it as long as I live. I am very grateful, more grateful in fact than though you had saved my life. For if I had gone it would not have mattered, if poor dear papa—"

Here she broke down, and with a stifled sob burst into tears, and hastily left the apartment.

Meanwhile Austen had been speaking to Miss Meredith, and when the guardsman was left alone, he exclaimed:

"Come here, Harry, and allow me to introduce you to Miss Lucy Meredith. Miss Meredith, this is Captain St. Albans, the hero of the evening, and——"

"Horace," interrupted St. Albans, "I shall have to break your neck for you."

"Pray don't do that," answered Austen, "for if you do, there will be nobody left to talk to Miss Meredith."

"For Miss Meredith's sake, then, I'll let you off this time," said the captain, "but don't do it again."

"Upon my word, Captain St. Albans, you seem determined to put us all under obligations," said Lucy Meredith, with a merry smile; "not content with saving uncle's life, and overcoming Bella with gratitude, you allow Mr. Austen to live for my sake, thus making me your debtor also."

"I would do far more than that to make you my debtor, Miss Meredith," replied St. Albans, bowing low; and in this strain the conversation was carried on for some minutes.

At the end of this time the general and Isabel re-entered the room together, shortly after which dinner was announced.

"If you'll take Bella, St. Albans," said the general, "and you march with Lucy, Austen, I'll bring up the rear."

"I am sorry I was the cause of discomposing you so," remarked the captain as they were going downstairs.

"Don't mention it, Captain St. Albans," answered Isabel; "on the contrary, I ought to apologize to you for the unceremonious manner in which I left you. But my tears were tears of gladness, not of sorrow, and this I can assure you is a day I shall not forget for very many years to come, if I ever do."

They now entered the dining-room, St Albans being seated on the general's right hand, and opposite to Isabel.

As soon as the fish had been served, the general observed:

"Excuse me asking, St. Albans, but what regiment do you belong to?"

"The Guards, sir," replied our hero.

"Humph! Then I suppose you have not yet seen any service?"

"Not yet, general," answered St. Albans, "but I hope to."

"That's right, my boy! That's right!"

"I am getting very tired of this humdrum round of amusements, mingled with a little mounting guard and an occasional field-day and sham-fight."

"I should think you were," cried the general. "I cannot understand how fellows, who wish to be considered men, can put up with it year after year."

"Simply because they have nothing manly in their nature," replied Isabel, the color rising to her cheeks as she spoke. "I really think that the most detestable sight in the world is what we call a feather-bed soldier. All that is manly about him is his moustache, and all that is soldierly is his sword."

"Oh, come, my dear," cried her father, "I think you are a little too hard on the poor fellows. Remember that some of these same 'feather-bed soldiers,' as you term them, have proved themselves men, and good men too, more than once."

"Never mind, uncle," said Lucy Meredith. "That is Isabel's sole point, you know. I do believe, if she had her way, she would make all the men go out and fight, as some of those horrid savage tribes do abroad."

"And what would you do, Lucy," inquired Isabel, "keep them all at home to assist in winding wool?"

There was evidently a hidden allusion in this, for Lucy colored up to the roots of her hair, and the subject of conversation was changed.

The gentlemen did not sit long after the ladies had left them.

One bottle of particular wine that the general only permitted to be drank on high days and holidays, a Trichinopoly cheroot, and they adjourned to the drawing-room.

"Now, girls, let us have some music," cried the old gentleman. "You don't know what an aviary of singing birds I have," he continued, turning to St. Albans. "I call Isabel my canary, and Lucy my linnet, and when their voices are combined in a duet, I would not give a snap of the fingers to hear any *prima donna* in the world."

Lucy commenced with a sweet pathetic ballad, well suited to her soft voice, and St. Albans took the opportunity of seating himself beside Isabel.

"I hope, Miss Carlton," he observed in a low voice, "that the remarks you made at the dinner-table respecting military men serving at home were not aimed particularly at me?"

"At you, Captain St. Albans!" cried Isabel with a pained look. "Far from it, and I hope you have not thought so for an instant."

"I am very glad to hear that," answered the captain, "because I aspire to a somewhat higher position in your estimation than that of a feather-bed soldier."

"Dear Captain St. Albans," cried Isabel earnestly, "pray do not mention that again. You were far from my thoughts, I can assure you, when I made that remark. Besides, have you not shown us to-day what your are made of?"

"Pray do not allude to that," said Captain St. Albans, half petulantly.

"I must say," went on Isabel, not noticing the interruption, "that for your own sake I wish you had a better opportunity of showing what you really are, than you are ever likely to have in your present regiment."

"I cannot say how grateful I am, Miss Carlton," replied St. Albans, "for the interest you exhibit, and perhaps the day may come, and before long, when it will bear fruit."

Isabel was now requested by her father to sing a favorite song of his, and then the cousins sang a duet.

The gentlemen now rose to take their leave.

"Remember this, my boy," said the general as he shook St. Albans by the hand, "you will be welcome here at any time. But wait a minute, that is a general invitation, which they say is none at all. Now I always insist upon one quiet night a week, and the girls have chosen Thursday, and if you like to come again, you will always find your napkin laid for you and a hearty welcome behind it."

"Good-night, Miss Carlton."

"Good-night, Captain St. Albans, and if it is necessary, allow me to second papa's invitation. We shall always be glad to see the one who saved his life."

CHAPTER III.

AN ENEMY—A NOVEL PROPOSAL.

For some weeks St. Albans met Isabel Carlton at different balls, parties, and dinners nearly every night, and seldom or ever missed one of what the general termed his "quiet evenings."

It was getting toward the end of the season, and people were beginning to look forward to recruiting exhausted energies with the aid of sea-breezes or sweet country air.

It was the evening of Lady Doubleton's final reception, and everybody, who was anybody, was present.

The Carltons were there, and Isabel greeted St. Albans with the sweet smile she always seemed to wear for him.

"We leave town this day week," said Isabel. "I am so glad."

"May I ask where you are going?" enquired St. Albans with more interest than he usually exhibited.

"We are going home," answered Isabel. "To Mulberry Hall, near Witherton."

"What's that about Witherton?" exclaimed the general, who was standing near.

"I was telling Captain St. Albans that we were going there next week, papa," replied Miss Carlton.

"Ah, and you must come down and spend a month with us, my boy," said the old gentleman.

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure," answered the guardsman with genuine fervor.

"That's right! When can you come down? When can you get leave?"

"I shall have a chance in about a fortnight," responded St. Albans.

"Then we shall expect you," remarked Carlton. "Drop us a line to say what train you're coming by, and the carriage shall meet you at the station. And now, my dear," he continued, turning to his daughter, "let us get out of this. I've had three heavy people on my gouty toe already, to say nothing of being squeezed nearly to death."

St. Albans saw them off, and after assisting Isabel into their carriage was returning upstairs once more.

He had reached the first landing, when he perceived somebody standing in front of him.

He was deeply immersed in thought and was about to pass by without looking up, but a well-known voice caused him to pause.

"Ah, my friend," exclaimed Barbsly, for it was he, "how are you this evening?"

"I am well, thank you," replied our hero coldly, and was about to move on.

"Wait a minute," cried Barbsly, placing his hand on St. Albans' arm. "I haven't seen you for a long time. May I inquire how you are succeeding?"

There was a cynical grin upon the fellow's face that irritated St. Albans to such an extent that he could scarcely refrain from knocking him down.

Mastering his emotions, however, with an extreme effort, he answered:

"Will you be kind enough to remove your hand from my arm, Mr. Barbsly?"

Barbsly looked at him for a moment in silence; his lip curled with a bitter sneer, and he moved his hand, folding his arms across his chest.

"With regard to what you mentioned," continued St. Albans, "I wish you to consider that I have lost the wager, and I will forward you a check for the amount to-morrow morning."

"Supposing I don't choose to believe that you have lost the bet," remarked Barbsly, showing his white teeth, "and from what I have witnessed to-night I certainly do not—what then?"

"You may please yourself about that," answered our hero haughtily. "But I warn you, Mr. Barbsly, not to interest yourself about me or interfere in any of my affairs."

"Indeed," observed Barbsly, fixing his black eyes upon the guardsman. "And may I inquire what the penalty is, Captain St. Albans, if I disobey your somewhat autocratic commands?"

"The penalty," answered St. Albans, stretching himself to his full height, while his muscles twitched as though he were eager to seize the scoffer and make an example of him then and there—"the penalty will be a sound horse-whipping the first time we meet, wherever it may happen to be."

For a moment Barbsly's eyes scintilated; his teeth were clenched, and he looked as though he were about to spring upon the guardsman.

But he probably arrived at the conclusion that in this case "discretion was the better part of valor," and restrained himself accordingly.

Moving on one side to allow the other to pass, he hissed out between his teeth:

"Very well, Henry St. Albans, you have made an enemy where you might have made a friend!"

"A friend—of you? Ha, ha, ha!" and St. Albans laughed mockingly as he walked slowly upstairs. "No, thank you, I have not come to that yet."

"You shall regret this!" cried Barbsly, livid with suppressed passion. "Mark my words! you shall regret this with tears of blood!"

"And mark *my* words!" exclaimed St. Albans, turning round; as you value the skin on your back, beware how you allow your tongue to wag about me, or anybody in whom I am interested! Do you understand me?"

"Bah! I care as little for your threats as I do for you," answered Barbsly, as he prepared to descend. "I never did like you, and now I hate you, as you shall discover to your cost."

The following day St. Albans forwarded Barbsly a check to his club for five hundred pounds, and then endeavored to dismiss the subject from his thoughts.

We say endeavored, because every now and then the reflection would arise like the ghost of a murdered enemy: "What would Isabel think if she knew I had made a wager upon her affections?"

Fortunately, the week after the Carltons left town, our hero was on duty, consequently he had not so much time or opportunity to miss them.

He obtained a month's leave of absence at the time he had anticipated, and it was with a very peculiar sensation under his waistcoat that he jumped into a first-class smoking car at Paddington station, *en route* for Witherton.

The fact of the matter was that Harry St. Albans, the notorious lady-killer, was in love at last himself, and began to realize the fact.

It was the first time he had ever suffered from the complaint, which is always the more serious according to the age of the sufferer.

The train arrived at Witherton at length. The dog-cart was waiting for him, and in half an hour he was safely deposited at Mulberry Hall.

The building was an old-fashioned red-brick mansion, of the time of Elizabeth. There was not an inch of stucco about it, and everything was as substantial as it looked.

St. Albans just had time to dress for dinner, and on descending to the drawing-room found the family assembled, together with several visitors.

He was received with great cordiality, and after being introduced to those in the room whom he did not know, he had the pleasure of conducting Isabel down to dinner.

"By-the-bye," exclaimed Isabel, "papa has invited your friend Mr. Austen down.

"I am glad of that," answered St. Albans, "for he has not been well lately, and the fresh air will no doubt renovate him. But how are we going to amuse him?"

Amuse him!" repeated Isabel; "what do you mean?"

"Why, Horace is such a thorough Londoner that I am afraid he will be quite lost in a country house," replied our hero; "I know he never goes near his own—in fact, he always boasts that he does not even know it by sight."

"But he rides, does he not?"

"I don't think he has ever done more than an amble in the Row."

"Of course he shoots, then?"

"The walking would be too much for him. Fancy Horace trudging over the furrows in patent leather boots!"

"We have the river close by. It runs through the park. Surely he is fond of fishing or boating?"

"His opinion of fishing is synonymous with that of Dr. Johnson—'a fool at one end and a worm at the other,' and his knowledge of boating is confined to the steamer that takes him across the channel on his annual expedition to the continent."

"Then I am afraid we shall have to trust to Lucy's powers of amusement in order to entertain Mr. Austen."

It so happened that Lucy Meredith caught the last sentence during a pause in the conversation, and as Isabel looked across, her cousin's face was "flushed as red as a rose."

The next moment it was as deadly white.

With the usual tact of a woman, Isabel drew her own deducements, and immediately changed the conversation.

After dinner St. Albans challenged the general to a game at billiards, and our hero did not see much more of the ladies that evening.

It was about an hour after daybreak the following morning when St. Albans awoke. The sun was shining brightly into his chamber, and the birds had commenced their matutinal concert.

The captain was not an early riser—very far from it; in fact, when in town he considered noon a very decent hour for breakfast.

But on this occasion, although he turned over and over, he could not manage to get to sleep again.

So, making the most of a bad bargain, he sprang out of bed and dressed himself, determining to have a look round the estate before breakfast.

He soon found himself in the park, and directed his footsteps toward a silver stream he could see in the distance, which he presumed to be the river Miss Carlton had mentioned the previous evening.

When he drew nearer, he perceived a small boathouse standing upon the bank.

It was built after the style of a Swiss chalet, the lower portion being large enough to contain a couple of boats, and the upper story apparently fitted up as a sitting-room.

As he approached, he discovered the door to be open, and was about to enter when Isabel Carlton came out.

"Good-morning, Captain St. Albans," she exclaimed. "I was not aware that you were an early riser."

"I am not one habitually, Miss Carlton,' he replied; "but really, after this experience, I think I shall make a rule of taking a walk before breakfast."

"It is the most enjoyable time of the day at this season of the year," observed Isabel, "and I invariably take advantage of it."

"It would be a nice morning for a row, would it not?" remarked St. Albans.

"That is just what I was going to speak about," exclaimed Isabel. "I want to call on an old woman—my old nurse—who lives in a cottage the other side the river, just beyond that point. Would you mind rowing me over? It will save me such a long walk."

"Would I mind?" cried the captain. "There are not many things I would mind doing for you, Miss Carlton."

In a couple of minutes the sculls were obtained, the skiff unfastened, and they started on their little voyage.

"I was just thinking about rowing myself over," observed Isabel, "when I heard your footsteps."

"I am glad I arrived at such an opportune moment," replied St. Albans. "I am sure—— But look! what is that boy pointing at?"

Isabel turned her head and observed a cow-boy on the river-bank.

He was in a terrible state of excitement, and was pointing just ahead of them, as he screamed out something, almost inarticulately:

"Luk oot! Luk oot for tree! Luk oot! Thee'll be on't—oh!"

As he uttered the last ejaculation, a slight crashing sound was heard.

The boat received a shock, and for a moment was motionless.

St. Albans turned round, and immediately perceived what had happened.

The boat had gone over the branches of a submerged tree, one of which had forced its way through the bottom.

The skiff was then filling with water, and evidently would not float another half-minute.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Carlton," he cried, as he pulled off his shoes. "Trust yourself to me, and all will be well."

"I am not afraid," replied Isabel softly, "and I will trust myself implicitly to you."

The next moment, as the boat sank under them, his strong arm was around her, and he struck out for the shore.

Her beauteous head was pressed close to his breast, while her eyes were fixed up on his.

"Isabel!" he suddenly exclaimed, as they approached the bank. "Isabel, you said just now you would trust implicitly to me. Would you trust to me for ever? Would you trust yourself to me? Would you trust your future happiness to me?"

A moment—an anxious moment—passed and then as St. Albans' feet struck the shore, Isabel, in a low voice, replied:

"Yes, Harry, I will trust you in everything, as I have trusted you this morning."

At first St. Albans could scarcely realize it. It seemed too much.

"Do you really mean it, Isabel?" he cried, trembling with excitement and nervousness, strong man though he was. "Oh, am I dreaming? Will you really be my own dear wife?"

"I will," softly answered the young girl.

In a transport of happiness he seized her in his arms, and raising her from the ground, pressed kiss after kiss upon her soft red lips.

"For shame, Harry," exclaimed Isabel, nearly smothered, as soon as she could speak. "Think of that boy looking on.—Besides, I am wet through."

"Pardon me, darling," cried Harry penitently; "I was so happy, I forgot all about the ducking we have had. Shall I carry you home?"

"No, indeed sir," replied Isabel with a saucy look from her big black eyes; "I have had enough of that for the present—besides, the exercise will prevent my catching cold."

They immediately started off at a sharp walk towards the Hall, though Isabel found her wet things terribly in the way.

They had scarcely reached the lawn in front of the house, when they perceived the front door open, and the general rush frantically out, bareheaded, followed by visitors and servants.

The cowboy had not waited to see the *denouement*, but had dashed away up to the Hall with the news that Miss Carlton and a gentleman had been upset in the middle of the river and drowned.

Nearly maddened with grief, the old gentleman ran across the lawn to the river, expecting every moment to see his daughter's dead body being carried towards him.

But he had not proceeded many yards when she was in his arms alive and well.

"Oh, my darling child!" he exclaimed; "I feared I had lost you; how were you saved?"

"Ask Captain St. Albans, papa," answered Isabel just a trifle shyly.

"What, another obligation, St. Albans?" cried the general, seizing the captain's hand as his daughter made her escape and ran off to change her things; "not satisfied with saving the father's life, but you must save the daughter's also."

The captain smiled.

"What can I say? I cannot speak. Words will not express my feelings. You have done me the greatest service one man can do another, and I will never forget it."

"Pray do not mention it," said St. Albans.

"I only hope to heaven I shall be able some day to serve you in some way, and show what my gratitude really is."

And as he turned round to re-enter the house the old man dashed the tears away from his eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE-MAKING.—CROSS-PURPOSES.

It had been arranged that the party should ride to Ravenshill that morning, a distance of about ten miles, and view the old ruined monastry and wander about the grounds.

They started away about eleven, leaving Isabel, who required rest after her excitement, and St. Albans, who was far too happy and exalted to be fit society for anybody but himself, behind to recruit their strength after the morning's performance.

St. Albans wandered aimlessly about for a short time, lighted three cigars one after the other, and allowed them to go out again, tried to amuse himself by knocking the balls about on the billiard-table, and at last threw down his cue, muttering half aloud:

"I wonder if I shall find her in the morning-room."

He speedily found his way thither and knocked at the door.

It is wonderful how timid love makes some men!

Fellows with as much assurance as a London street-boy no sooner become victims to the tender passion than they grow as bashful as a schoolgirl.

"Come in."

He entered the room, and, as he had expected, discovered Isabel reclining upon a couch.

A book was in her hand, but as she was holding it upside down, we may take it for granted that she had not profited much by its contents.

"I thought I should find you here," observed St. Albans as he seated himself by her side. "I have something to say to you."

"I thought I had better lie down for a little while," answered Isabel. "How was it that you did not go with the others to Ravenshill?"

"To tell you the truth, Isabel," replied St. Albans, "I thought that if I remained at home I might enjoy a few moments of your society, and I could not resist the temptation."

"You foolish fellow," said Isabel, playfully tapping his cheek, "and what was it you wanted to see me about?"

"To see you about," repeated St. Albans. "I forget. Oh, yes, I remember—to tell you how much I loved you, my darling."

"But you told me that this morning, Harry," responded the young lady.

"I cannot tell it you too often," exclaimed Harry, placing his arm around her waist as he spoke, "for every moment I feel my love growing stronger and stronger! Oh, Isabel, if you were ever to change and tell me you no longer loved me, I think I should go mad!"

"Hush, Harry," replied Isabel softly; "do not speak like that. You need never fear my affection changing; the foundation is too deeply laid in my heart."

"Tell me that again, my sweet one!" cried St. Albans rapturously. "You cannot imagine the delight it gives me to hear you say that you love me."

"I do love you, Harry," exclaimed Isabel, a delicate pink color flushing her cheeks as she met his impassioned glance; "and I always shall. There is only one thing that would alter my affection for you, and that I am persuaded is an impossibility."

"What is that, darling?" inquired St. Albans a little anxiously.

"Your ever being guilty of—what is it you military men term it?—oh, yes, I remember now," and she smiled as she continued—"conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.'"

St. Albans raised his head proudly as he answered:

"If that is the only rock I have to look out for, my sweet one, I fear nothing!"

"I am well assured of it; replied Isabel, "or I should not have mentioned it. But I think I could forgive anything else in the man I loved but that. If once he caused me to feel ashamed of him, my love would vanish like snow in July."

"When did you first begin to care for me, dearest?" enquired Harry tenderly, and drawing her beautifully-moulded form nearer to him as he spoke.

"I hardly know," answered Isabel, "but I think I began to notice how different you were to other men the day that you saved papa's life, and——"

But she was unable to continue, for our hero, raising her head a little, pressed his lips to hers, and indulged in a long and loving kiss.

"Oh, Harry!" cried Isabel reproachfully as soon as she was able to speak.

"I cannot help it, darling," answered Harry. "Remember this is the first time I have ever really loved, and I feel almost beside myself with joy and happiness."

"Am I really your first love?" enquired Isabel, with her large eyes melting with passion looking upward into his own.

"I swear you are," replied Harry; "I have never loved a woman before, and I shall never love another."

For a few moments they gazed at one another in silence, and then once more St. Albans caught the lovely girl up in his arms, and sipped the nectar from her rich, ripe lips.

Harry had not been sitting by her side as he imagined more than a quarter of an hour, when Isabel chanced to catch sight of the ormolu clock on the mantle-piece.

"Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed, "it is lunch-time!"

They had been conversing for two hours.

"Oh, I knew there was something I wanted to ask you, dearest," observed St. Albans as Isabel rose. "May I speak to the general?"

"Certainly," answered the young lady without the slightest hesitation. "I am not ashamed of my choice, and I am certain papa will be proud of his intended son-in-law."

She paused for a moment before opening the door.

Her eyes were filled with love, happiness and elation.

She placed her hands upon his shoulders, and stretching up touched him lightly with her lips, saying:

"God Bless you, my own dear love!"

The next moment, before St. Albans had recovered from his emotion, she had vanished. After lunch, St. Albans sought an interview with the general.

The old gentleman was in an apartment dedicated entirely to his own use, and termed "The Den."

Female servants were never allowed to enter it, and any attempt at "tidying," "cleaning up," or "putting things to rights a bit," always resulted in such domestic hurricanes, that he was now allowed to enjoy his seclusion undisturbed.

[*To be Continued.*]

TEMPTATION.

A Detroit Merchant's Method of Testing the Honesty of His Customers.

That's the tenth one this forenoon," said a Woodward avenue floor-walker the other day as a woman hurriedly passed out."

"What—tenth woman?"

"No; tenth portemonnaie."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, this house bought a job lot of portemonnaies last spring, and we got 'em so cheap that we could almost give them away. A few days ago I took it into my head to see how many of our customers were honest, and I stuffed a portemonnaie with paper and left it on the silk counter. It was slyly pocketed by the very first lady who discovered it, and she is the wife of a man worth $50,000."

"And the next?"

"Well, we lose an average of twenty portemonnaies a day. That means we have twenty ladies come in here who are thieves, for it is theft to gobble up lost or mislaid property without saying anything about it."

"It must be interesting to watch 'em?"

"It is. Now and then a woman will observe the article and hand it over to the clerk, but that is an exception. I have seen a woman work for half an hour to get the portemonnaie into her pocket or shopping-bag. But that isn't where the fun comes in."

"Where is it?"

"Why, on a slip of paper stuffed into the little wallet I write: Stolen from the counter of —— & Co.' At least one half the wallets are returned. There comes a lady now."

"She was a well-dressed and respectable looking lady. She had a portemonnaie in her hand and a smile on her face, and as she came near she sweetly said:

"Beg pardon, but in trading here this morning I accidently picked up this purse in some way. I presume it contains money. I have not even opened it. Please tell the loser that it was all a mistake, and I am sorry if I have put her to trouble."

"Very well, ma'am."

"That was well done," said the reporter.

"Yes, fairly well, but its the story they all tell. She opened the portemonnaie, saw the put-up job, and tries to play off innocence in returning it. We are all honest, you know, but nevertheless a lost wallet will tempt human nature sooner than any other bait I know of." —[Free Press.

Evading the Law.

In Italy, where the clergy rule supreme, the law is that no dance shall be commenced after the great bell of the cathedral has struck the hour of midnight. They are not required, however, to stop in the middle of one already commenced, but are permitted to dance it out. Taking advantage of this law, just before midnight they divide the orchestra, and form a new dance. Some of the orchestra rest until the others become fatigued, when they relieve them. There are always enough dancers to keep the set going, and yet the half of the company be resting. In this way the dance is not finished till two o'clock. By this simple process they cheat the Church out of two good hours.

A Clever Trick.

A young man standing among a knot of others in the public room of a hotel said, "Did you see that pretty girl that arrived this morning? I was watching her all dinner time. I bet you five to one I will get acquainted with her and marry her before the week is out." The bet was taken, and in a few days a clergyman was found, and the young pair were actually married. It was afterwards discovered, however, that they had been married a year or two before, and that the gentleman earned a livelihood by making and taking this same bet in different hotels.

QUININE AND OPIUM TRADE.

Decrease in the Price of Quinine—Use of the Indian Bark—The Importation of Opium.

Though it is said, and not without some reason, that the Englishman holds his grip on India by taking his daily dose of quinine rather than by drawing his sword, it is nevertheless true that the consumption of this febrifuge in the United States is exceedingly large and always increasing. The exceedingly magnanimous action of our legislators, which placed quinine on the free list, has caused, in the course of trade, the price of the alkaloid to be closely watched.

For fiscal year ending June, 30, 1884, the total import of dutiable drugs and chemicals were worth $18,260,700, against $19,-976,975 in 1883, while the import of free drugs and chemicals was $68,803,-210, a gain of $1,696,745 over the values of the year before. This increase is without a doubt due to the enlargement of the free list, and tends to show that the drug business, in its relation to the whole business of the country, has suffered less than other trades.

The most important article in the whole list is quinine, and there was an increase in the importation of quinine salts, with a decrease of cinchona bark for manufacturing purposes. In 1884, 1,365,782 ounces of quinine salts were imported, against 1,-055,764 ounces in 1883, and 794,495 ounces in 1882. The decrease in importation of bark has been quite marked. In 1884, 2,588,807 pounds of cinchona bark were imported, in 1883 3,659,315 pounds, and in 1882 8,-610,847 pounds. From the pounds of bark alone, however, no very exact statistics can be obtained of the yield of quinine, because of the varying quality of the natural alkaloid. Of late years the bulk of cultivated bark, though smaller, might present an amount of quinine salts quite as great as when larger importations of the crude material were made in former years. To London, the great mart of the bark, East India sent more bales in 1884 than in prior years, while from Cuprea, Columbia and New Grenada shipments have diminished. This arises from the fact that the cultivated bark grown in India, containing a larger proportion of the natural alkaloid, is easier and more profitable to work than the South American. While South American bark deteriorates, Indian barks are improving. Some attention has been paid of late to growing bark in Bolivia with the same care to the culture of the tree as in the East, but it is doubtful whether the South American product can be produced cheap enough to compete with the Indian on account of the dear and uncertain labor in Bolivia and the heavy cost of freight.

Generally the belief has been entertained that in the East Indies plantations of cinchona were very profitable but it may be found from the report that the outturns have disappointed the growers. Whether bark is in excess of demand no opportunity of judging is afforded. It is believed that Java will furnish in the future a much larger proportion of bark than in the past. It is unfortunate that up to this time larger direct shipments have not been made of Eastern cinchona bark to this country. The present condition of the business is that our manufacturers of quinine must purchase the bark in London, and expenses are increased.

Looking at the manufactured article quinine, in 1884 the price opened at $1.75 per ounce, this price being due to a combination of manufacturers. In September it was $1, and in December 95 cents. The imports of 1884 were 1,206,732 ounces, the decrease being 200,000 ounces more than in 1883, and almost 1,000,000 more than in 1879. Reasons for the lowering of price of quinine seem to have been, in part, competition of foreign manufacturers, but the more important factor, it is supposable, is the large increase of good bark. From an average of $396 gold for an ounce of quinine in 1883, the price in 1884 was $1.37. The quinine quotations vary from 88 to 95 cents per ounce, according to whether sold in bulk or put up.

Of opium as a source of morphine—the importation of the crude drug, used for medicinal purposes—the quantity varies year by year but little. Last year 264,746 pounds were imported; in 1883 220,012. To prevent the use of opium for smoking the custom rate was increased from $6 to $10 per pound. The advance of $4, which took place in July, 1883, seems to have checked that terrible vice of opium smoking, though it is too early as yet to assume any gains in morals as the result of recent legislation. The value of opium imported as a medicine in 1884 was $661,014, and for smoking purposes $10,124. In 1883, the value of opium for smoking was $2,684,589, this large quantity having been hurried in the early months of the year so as not to subject it to the increased duty of $4. The average value of opium used in the United States by the Chinese or others, in their death-dealing pipes, seems to be at first cost $800,000 a year. When used to cater to human vice, $2,500,000 would be a figure within the limit.

Moriarty Threw High.

Here is a funny story about the proprietress of a Tar Flat hotel. It seems that about Christmas time she got up a raffle at a half

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - JANUARY 8, 1886.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 1, 1886.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, at the Bolton House, in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., at 4 o'clock, P. M., on *Wednesday, January 20, 1886*, to elect a Chairman and Permanent Secretary, and seven members of the State Executive Committee; and transact such other business as the Committee may determine. W. U. HENSEL, Chairman.

J. B. LICHTY, Secretary.

THE Philadelphia *Record* Almanac for 1885 is a daisy in its way and hard to beat. We think it would be impossible for any similar publication to contain a greater amount of useful and interesting information within the same narrow compass. Its almanac is in keeping with the *Record* itself, which is the cheapest and one of the very best newspapers in the United States.

So well informed a politician as the editar of the Johnstown *Tribune* ought not to be so much troubled, as he seems to be, because "Governor Pattison is not mentioned in Democratic circles as an eligible candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination on their ticket," etc. The Constitution of the State declares that a Governor "shall not be eligible to the office for the next succeeding term."

NEAL DOW, the well known Maine advocate of Prohibition, recently referred to Bangor, in that State, as the "Drunkenest city on the continent." Whereupon the Bangor *Commercial* points the police record of Portland, Dow's place of residence, alongside that of Bangor, for one day. It shows that Bangor had only a lone "drunk," while on the same day Portland sent eight drunken men to jail for thirty and sixty days. This is rough on Dow, but rougher on Maine, where Prohibition and all that term implies, is in full blast.

THE great strike of the Monongahela river coal miners came to an end last week. The miners demanded three cents per bushel, but went back to work at two cents and a half, the price they were paid when they struck for an increase of half a cent six months ago. During the long continuance of the strike about six thousand men were thrown idle, and the suffering endured by innocent women and children cannot be computed in dollars and cents. It is estimated that the losses of the miners in wages during the strike amount to nearly two million of dollars, to say nothing of the losses sustained by the owners of the mines. When the strike began the miners refused to abide by the award of the arbitrator agreed upon under the provisions of what is known as the "Wallace Act," which was passed to enable employers and employes to compromise disputes in regard to wages, and now after a long and bitter experience they have been compelled, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, to resume work at the prices they originally refused. The Wallace Act would have settled the difficulty promptly and satisfactorily if its provisions had been acted on in good faith.

IT seems to be a fact that Morgan R. Wise has at last bulldozed the President out of an appointment, but the reports from Washington do not agree as to where Wise is to go. One statement is that his appointment will require his local habition to be in Arizona, the home of the bloodthirsty, scalp-lifting Apache Indians, and the other account is that he has been appointed Inspector of Customs at El Paso, Texas, at a salary of five dollars a day, with the privilege of taking his son along with him as clerk, at a salary of $1,000 a year. El Paso, in western Texas, is on the Rio Grande, and right opposite to it, in Mexico, is the town of El-Paso-Del-Norte. Both places swarm with cut-throats, gamblers, horse and cattle thieves, and Mexican "greasers." If Wise's destination is Arizona some evil disposed Apache warrior will probably raise his hair, and if he goes to El Paso he had better take out a big insurance on his life. Of course the President didn't think of the possible fate to which he was exposing the Greene county statesman when, in order to get rid of him, he gave him an office in Texas or Arizona, as the case may turn out to be.

A REPUBLICAN Congressman from Illinois, John R. Thomas, has offered a pension bill in the House which ought to satisfy the most extragant demands in that direction. There is nothing mean about Thomas. His plan is simply to pension everybody who served thirty days during the rebellion, whether wounded or not. If this bill should pass, of which there is not much danger, there would be only one thing for the Government to do, and that is to appoint assignees. There is another Illinois man in the House, William H. Neece, a rock-ribbed Democrat, who is determined not to let Thomas carry off all the honors of statesmanship, and he has therefore introduced a bill, the purpose of which is set forth as follows: "Granting lands to aid in the establishment of an endowment for savings, by which thrift may be promoted and citizens may be aided and assisted to save and preserve themselves from the economic impotence and dependence involved in their lack of the material factors needed to make available their personal productive capabilities." Good for our illustrious Democratic brother, Wm. H. Neece, who has knocked Thomas, the Republican, clear out of sight in the first round. Any man can easily see what Thomas wants to have done, but if there is living anywhere in this big, great and glorious Republic, a man who can tell us what Neece is driving at in this bill, we will walk a long distance in the mud to hear his explanation. This is a great and mighty beginning for Illinois on the floor of Congress, but eighteen other members from that State are yet to be heard from.

WHEN Congress adjourned for the holidays it was announced that when it reassembled on Tuesday last Mr. Randall would offer an amendment to the Constitution giving the President power to veto separate items in an appropriation bill while approving of the remainder. That such an amendment has not long since been adopted by Congress and submitted to the Legislatures of the different States for their action, is owing to the simple fact that it would be in the interest of economy and a sure protection against the systematic swindling of the Treasury which has marked the course of that body for so many years. The robbery is confined mainly to the River and Harbor bill, through which nearly every member of the House attempts to make himself "solid" with his constituents, by plundering the Treasury out of thousands of dollars for the purpose of squandering it under the pretense of rendering navigable some insignificant creek or shallow river in his district. When Harry White was in Congress he played his hand at this game very neatly and sucessfully by securing the insertion in the River and Harbor bill of a section appropriating about twenty thousand dollars to slack water the Kiskiminetas and Conemaugh. A chief engineer and his subordinates lived very comfortably on this appropriation for a year or so, and tickled the people living along the two streams with glowing tales of the great results that would follow, but when the appropriation was exhausted its purpose had been accomplished and it might just as well have been thrown into the Potomac river. We mention this swindle as a conspicuous instance of the way the Treasury is plundered through the River and Harbor bill. Similar instances occur all over the country. If Mr. Randall offers his amendment and Congress adopts it, a year more must elapse before it can be approved by the necessary number of the State Legislatures to incorporate it into the Constitution. In the meantime, however, we make the prediction that if the present Congress sends to President Cleveland a River and Harbor bill of the same notorious character as the bills of the same nature that have been laid before his predecessors, it will never become a law unless passed over his veto.

DAVID B. HILL, who was elected Governor of New York at the last November election, was inaugurated at Albany on Friday last, New Year's Day. He was elected Lieutenant Governor on the ticket with Cleveland in 1882, and assumed the duties of Governor when Mr. Cleveland resigned the office a year ago. Gov. Hill is a young man, but he is a very long-headed politician, as he thoroughly demonstrated when he brought to his solid support in the late contest in his State all the discordant elements of the Democratic party in the city of New York, upon whose vote the issue turned. It takes a shrewd politician and a popular Democrat to bring about this result in the face of a united and harmonious opposition fighting for a streng ticket. Hill's victory in New York was a great surprise to the Republicans everywhere and threw a dark cloud over their Presidential prospects in 1888. If he acts well his part and absolutely silences all intrigues in his own behalf for the Presidency, that fatal rock in the sea of politics against which the otherwise bright prospects of so many public men have been wrecked, he may eventually "get there," to use a slang phrase; but if he ever allows the Presidential bee to commence buzzing in his bonnet, his political epitaph can be written in these five words—"Died of the Presidential fever."

On the same day, Friday last, Fitzhugh Lee took the oath of office at Richmond as Governor of the State of Virginia. All the departments of the government in that State are now in the hands of the Democrats. Mahone, like Lucifer, has fallen never more to rise, although he will continue to occupy his seat in the U. S. Senate until a year from the 4th of next March. No public man in this country ever rose to bad eminence more suddenly or was hurled from it more remorselessly than Mahone, and Riddleberger's fate will be the same as soon as the people of Vircan pronounce their sentence of banishment upon him.

CHAS R. BUCKALEW having reconsidered his purpose to accept the appointment of Supreme Court Reporter tendered him a few weeks ago by Gov. Pattison, returned his commission to the Governor on Saturday last, accompanied by a letter stating that the arduous duties of the position and the inadequacy of the salary compelled him to decline the appointment. Mr. Buckalew is admirably fitted for the place, and his declination will be regretted by the members of the legal profession throughout the State. Governor Pattison immediately appointed Lemuel Amerman, of Lackawanna county, to the position, and he has accepted it. We hardly know enough about Amerman to warrant us in expressing an opinion as to his fitness for the place. We only remember him as a member of the lower branch of the Legislature in 1883, when his senseless and aimless course on the apportionment question cost the State a good deal of money without any benefit to his party and without enhancing his own reputation as a man of sound and discreet judgment. Aside from this, however, he may still prove himself to be well qualified to fill the position of Supreme Court Reporter.

"THE appointment of Josephs is impossible. There is no use discussing him for office," is what Mr. Cleveland is reported to have said about the persistent efforts of Sam Josephs and his friends to induce the President to appoint that scurvy politician to the responsible office of Marshal of the eastern district of Pennsylvania. The President is known to be a man of decided convictions, or as some people call him, a very "stubborn" man, and so far as Sam Josephs is concerned we have an abiding trust that Mr. Cleveland will adhere to his declaration, "The appointment of Josephs is impossible."

CONGRESS reassembled on Tuesday last. The committees were announced yesterday.

STORIES OF JUDGE BLACK.

The publication of Mr. Shoemaker's excellent review of the "Life and Letters of Judge Jeremiah S. Black," calls to mind a picture which should bear date sometime in the spring of the year he died. A tall old man, though he did not strike one so clearly as old or tall, but rather as great and venerable, sat in the office of a hotel at Harrisburg. His massive head, with its crown of silver, a countenance that frankly faced the eye as a face bearing no tell-tale line that needed cloak from scrutiny, and eyes beaming kindly with humor, or flashing under their brushy brows when he warmed in controversy, were up-borne on a frame of oaken strength and stature. The frost of years had touched it only to give it added majesty. The limbs were stiffening, but it was young at heart. He met old age as a victorious general might meet his king who comes upon the field to decorate him.

His steps were somewhat uncertain when he walked, but when he stood up, as he had a few weeks earlier, before the Senate of the State—the "garnered wisdom" of the Commonwealth—to plead for the passage of the anti-discrimination bill, it was an incarnate illumination of the text that He made man after His own image. "To plead" is rather the common legal term than the accurate description of what he did. There was nothing of the suitor's key in his voice, nothing of the suppliant posture in his attitude. It was a charge he delivered rather than a pleading. He stood up with manful front and, with no title save his name and no credentials but the right of every man to serve his fellows, demanded the passage of the bill, not as a privilege or concession, but as that which he believed indubitably just and necessary upon the facts which he presented and the argument he made.

The occasion moved him. His words rang trumset-torgued, and his bearing forcibly recalled that other time, when he stood up, a simple commoner, before the proudest tribunal this country ever saw, and with the full knowledge that the verdict was already made up against him, threatened the judges with infamy and predicted the overthrow of the work they were about to do. Those who had tasted despair in counting the leaden steps of justice welcomed with stern delight that vision of the iron hand uplifted, and the words of his prophecy of wrath passed into the common speech of men. Before any other tribunal, in any other country, or under almost any other circumstances, a man who dared utter such a speech would be committed for contempt, but Judge Black measured the time and the occasion, and the court to which he spoke, if it differed from him, ventured no attempt to set aside the judgment which he passed.

His great presence, his earnestness, and his bold bearing must have lent his words great weight with a jury. Even in reading his speeches we can see how the thoughts formed in his brain sprang from his lips clothed in the simplest syllables that could best weapon them for battle with a resisting understanding. His speeches bristle with swords like an army in assault. No other American orator, in our generation at least, has given to language so many brief, terse, keen-edged expressions. To read his speeches we can well imagine how they must have sounded when spoken from such lips as his.

They tell a story of a friend of a Western Congressman who happened to be at the Capital sight-seeing at the time the historic Milligan case was on trial before the Supreme Court. This Congressman was to make a great speech upon a certain day on some question or other, and his friend went up to the Capitol to hear it. He somehow missed his way in the building, however, and wandered into the court room instead. There he saw a man of towering figure striding back and forth in the narrow space before the bench arguing the case of the defendant, Milligan. Oratory is captivating to a Western man, and he stayed to listen a few minutes. Judge Black was denouncing trials by military commissions, and painting the iniquity of all the extra-judicial tribunals that had ever in all history usurped the prerogatives of the duly established courts. He instanced Herod, who, when unable to single out from the multitude of children the Christ child who was to be king of the Jews, tried all the babes for prospective treason, convicted them, decreed their death, and had his sentence carried out with such alacrity and zeal that in one day the land was filled with mourning and lamentation. He cited Nero trying the whole Christian Church in a body on the charge of setting fire to Rome, and sending them to the cross. He described Macbeth's hired murderers, "the commission organized in Banquo's case, which sat upon him that very night at a convenient place beside the road by which it was known he would be traveling." He pictured Lola Montez, minister and mistress to the King of Bavaria, and her "commission"—"a pack of British bull dogs, trained to tear the flesh and mangle the limbs and lap the life blood"—and much more which I can not accurately recall. The Westerner stood and drank it all in with eager ears and eyes that hung on every gesture of the orator, until at the climax of the Montez instance, when Judge Black thundered out:

"It gives me unspeakable pleasure to tell you the sequel. The people rose in their wrath, smashed down the whole machinery of oppression, and drove out into uttermost shame king, dogs and strumpet—"

Then the listener rushed out of the chamber, hurried across into the hall of the House, pushed past the doorkeeper, [illegible] the aisle to the desk where his friend was in the midst of his speech, and, plucking him by the coat-tail, exclaimed in a voice so loud as to be heard a dozen seats around:

"Wind her up, Bill! Wind her up, and come over here and listen to old Jerry Black givin' 'em h—l!"

A Little Chef-d'oeuvre.

Breton Riviere's charming picture "Sympathy" has been engraved as a premium for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for 1886, and is one of the most desirable inducements ever offered by that of any other magazine. The plate is an unusually fine one, very faithfully produced, and of a size that makes it acceptable either for the portfolio or for framing. "Sympathy" represents a fair-haired little girl sitting on a stairway, in deep distress, her little chin resting dejectedly on her hands, with a comical old dog presses close to her side, poking his nose over her shoulder, and saying as distinctly as any dog could say, "I'm awfully sorry for you." The picture is wonderfully expressive and has had an immense sale in Europe.

—If the figures could be ascertained, it would startle many to learn the amount of money that is sent to the old country by warm-hearted Irish and German servant girls. In one day last week, in Boston, $11,000 in drafts were sent to Ireland. Another Boston firm reports that 779 drafts were drawn on the 3d of December, and from December 1, to December 11, there were 3'500 Irish drafts issued, amounting in the aggregate to $43,000.

ANY man or woman making less than $40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated Madame Dean Spinal Supporting Corsets; also, our Spinal Supporter, Shoulder Brace, and Abdominal Protector Combined (for Men and Boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the Agent $150 monthly. Our Agents report four to twenty sales daily. $5 outfit free Send at once for full particulars. State sex. LEWIS SCHIELE & CO., 390 Broadway, N. Y.

The Legality of Bequests for Masses.

We believe the decision just rendered in Brooklyn by Judge Cullen, of the Supreme Court, in the suit of Holland against Smyth, is the first case which has arisen in this State involving the validity of a testementary provision for prayers for the dead. The case is therefore one of peculiar interest and much importance.

The Court of Appeals had previously held that a contract made with a woman in her lifetime to expend certain money of hers for masses after she should be dead was valid. The court expressly declared that there was nothing illegal in the purpose to which she wished her money applied, and to which the person to whom she gave it promised and agreed to supply it. But no contract existed in the case presented to Mr. Justice Cullen. The testator by his will simply gave his residuary estate to his executors to spend in procuring masses for the repose of his soul; and the question to be decided was whether such a provision was good in law.

Judge Cullen holds that it is, and the reasoning by which he reaches this conclusion seem to us satisfactory.

There is some difficulty in sustaining the bequest as a trust, because a living beneficiary is wanting, nor can it be upheld as a charitable use, because designed for the benefit of the giver himself, and so not a charity. The right of a man, however, to appropriate by will as much of his estate as he chooses to the erection of a monument to his memory has never been denied by the courts, after the claims of the testator's creditors were satisfied. The doctrine that a man may do what he will with his own has been strongly applied in cases of this kind in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Judge Cullen finds a close analogy between such provision for monuments and this provision for masses. In both cases the thing to be done is for the benefit of the dead, and if the expenditure for one purpose is so obviously lawful as uniformly to have been recognized as proper in the courts, why should not the other purpose, which is just as worthy, also receive approval?

The suggestion has been made that a distinction exists, because monuments afford gratification to the surviving relatives rather than to the dead themselves. This may be answered by saying that masses also gratify and solace the friends of the deceased. Another point is that the Catholic Church is the real beneficiary, inasmuch as the money for the masses goes into its coffers. This objection is just about as pertinent as it would be to argue that a bequest for a ten-thousand-dollar monument ought to be condemned by the courts because most of the money would go to the marble cutter.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Attempt to Upset an Idol.

It is time to call a halt to the reckless re-habilitation of history. Here, for example, comes a correspondent and ruthlessly attempts to upset one of our choicest and most cherished traditions. It always has been accepted that Andrew Jackson, seventh in number but among the first of the Presidents of the United States, was the son of Scotch-Irish parents, who were very poor, at Carrickfergus, Ireland, where his father tilled a few rented acres, while his mother was a scantily paid linen weaver. And, further, that after emigration to America the paternal Jackson never owned an acre of land, while after his death his widow was dependent for support on the kindness of relatives. But their boy became somebody.

But now a correspondent of *The World*, Mr. William J. Simpson, writing from Great Victoria street, Belfast, Ireland, asserts that he has been engaged for some years in genealogical researches and has been rewarded by the discovery that the pedigree of Andrew Jackson dates from A. D. 985.—No doubt, and considerably before, if only it could be traced. Most of us are descended from somebody of some time or other in the most ancient of ages. But our correspondent discovers that Jackson was directly descended from the Emperor Charlemagne, from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and from Henry VII. of England—this last a most disreputable descent which Andrew Jackson would have indignantly disavowed. And right here and now we, too, protest. Andrew Jackson was proud of his poor parentage and of his obscure lineage, which made his own eminence, achieved by his own hands and head and hard work, all the more conspicuous, while the American people are proud of Jackson because he was a Democrat of the Democrats.—*N. Y. World.*

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1886 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1886 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

—A storehouse belonging to the Mohave Indians, situated on the banks of the Colorado river, opposite Fort Mohave, Arizona, fell in a few days since, killing one Indian and severely injuring two others. The accident was caused by piling several tons of mesquite beans and corn on the roof. The Indian who was killed was immediately placed on a couple of cords of wood and burned to ashes, after which the Indians proceeded to burn everything belonging to him, and to kill his horses and have a big feast.

Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo. W. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at E. James'.

—For four years, it seems, there has been pacing up and down in front of President Garfield's tomb an armed guard, detailed from the United States army. Of course this is a silly, senseless thing. There is no more occasion for, nor propriety in it, than to have a sentinel walking around the Buchanan lot, in Woodward Hill cemetery, or watching at the neglected and unmarked grave of John Tyler, down in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond. Give the Garfield tomb guard a rest.

THOUSANDS OF ABLE MEN FAIL IN LIFE for purely physical reasons. They are not torpid but their liver is, and the liver blocks the way. They are bilious, yellow skinned, headachy and miserable, all because that great gland declines to do its work. The medicine that can restore to this organ its natural power will add one hundred per cent. to the available force of this world. We know of but one thing able to do this—Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by E. James.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A widower and widow recently married in Niles, Mich., start out with 25 children.

—It is estimated that the depredations of the British sparrows in England last year will reach $4,000,000.

—Two gi[illegible] buckwheat c[illegible] stopped at th[illegible]

—"O, my [illegible] back, sore lo[illegible] Hunt's (Kidn[illegible] cures.

—In Chica[illegible] Leary was s[illegible] onment for n[illegible] his sister.

—Over $6,[illegible] sold from the[illegible] heim ostrich[illegible] ing the past.

—A burgla[illegible] by a snow-b[illegible] which corre[illegible] snow-ball fo[illegible] robbery.

—Mrs. Ja[illegible] celebrated t[illegible] wedding da[illegible] tion by her[illegible] are with he[illegible] Tenn.

—Rev. W[illegible] years pasto[illegible] Harrisburg account of[illegible] he preache[illegible] his own.

—The ce[illegible] total popul[illegible] 1880, an in[illegible] white popu[illegible] 32,540. T[illegible] of childre[illegible]

—Califo[illegible] ble rainy [illegible] with that [illegible] inches of [illegible] for the we[illegible] six month[illegible]

—While[illegible] Sunday, [illegible] Ky., Chas[illegible] tin quarr[illegible] stabbed [illegible] Allister [illegible]

—The [illegible] League [illegible] of a chec[illegible] branch t[illegible] fund, sa[illegible] Parnell [illegible]

—Wo[illegible] ommend[illegible] have le[illegible] ly ove[illegible] pain or[illegible] and oth[illegible]

—He [illegible] impure, thick and sluggish, or when it is thin and impoverished. Such conditions give rise to boils, pimples, headaches neuralgia, rheumatism, and other disorders. Ayer's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich and vitalizing.

—A thief stuck fast in a chimney in an attempt to enter the store of Robert Pugh & Co., about nine miles from Wilmington, N. C. A fire kindled by Mr. Pugh made his condition unbearable, and his yells for help brought the whole town out of bed. He was extricated by the use of a windlass and landed in jail.

—A quack doctor the other day paid an Eastern railway $3,140 for a single ticket by special car, the largest sum ever known to have been paid for one railway ticket. The doctor a few years ago was an obscure preacher in an Ohio town, 84 miles from Pittsburg, and left a sweet record there. His prosperity indicates the number of people spared by the fool-killer.

—It is officially announced that in the short twelve days war the Bulgarian losses were 500 killed, 2,000 wounded and 500 prisoners, while the Servian losses, of course by Bulgarian estimate, are 2,500 killed, 1,125 wounded and prisoners. The figures, though official, are probably an underestimate on both sides, but the number is enough for a few days of the "game of kings."

—William Henry Brown, a Pittsburg colored man, has received the bequest of a Shenandoah valley farm of 150 acres from a Virginian named James Spangler, the son of a wealthy planter, who played with Brown when both were boys, and who was badly wounded in the Confederate service at Fort Harrison and captured. Brown, who was serving in the Union army, saw that Spangler received kind taeatment as a wounded prisoner.

—Miss Annie G. Barr, daughter of Jas. P. Barr, the proprietor of the Pittsburg *Post*, was formally received into the order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart on last Tuesday a week. The ceremony, which occurred at Eden Hall, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, was conducted by Archbishop Ryan, assisted by Rev. Hugh Barr, of Hoboken, and Rev. D. A. Brennan. Miss Barr's father and a large number of friends were present. The lady will be stationed at the Atlantic City house of the order.

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THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

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AGENTS WANTED THE UNBREAKABLE LAMP GLASS Lamp Chimneys. Bears heavy falls; will sustain your weight on it; stands cold water splashed on hot chimney; rests at sight. Sample mailed, 25c.; one dozen by express, $1 25. Also, the NON-EXPLOSIVE, SELF-EXTINGUISHING LAMP BURNER. Has nickel reflector. No blowing down chimney; fills lamp without removing burner or chimney; no smoke, smell or danger. Sample mailed, 35c.; one dozen by express, $2 10. Both the above mailed for 60c. Address, J. E. CLOWS, Reensville, Pa.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

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WANTED Immediately, a few Good Men to canvass for the sale of Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Roses, &c.—Previous experience not essential.—H. F. FREEMAN & CO., Brighton, N. Y.

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COSTIVENESS

affects seriously all the digestive and assimilative organs, including the Kidneys. When these organs are so affected, they fail to extract from the blood the uric acid, which, carried through the circulation, causes Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

The functions of the Liver are also affected by costiveness, causing

Bilious Disorders.

Among the warning symptoms of Biliousness are Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Weakness, Fever, Dimness of Vision, Yellowness of Skin, Pains in the Side, Back and Shoulders, Foul Mouth, Furred Tongue, Irregularity in the action of the Bowels, Vomiting, etc.

The Stomach suffers when the bowels are constipated, and Indigestion or

MALARIAL POISON.

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year is to be found in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writing from South America says: "I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for malarial fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."

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If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

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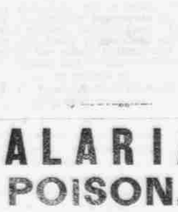

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G HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg August 14, 1885.

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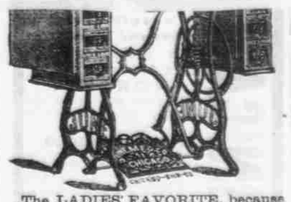

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Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical Rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot and the

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FRIDAY, - - - - JAN. 8, 1886.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For an oyster stew go to the Sugar Bowl.

—For the best flour in the market go to the Sugar Bowl.

—For fresh groceries of every description go to the Sugar Bowl.

—A Hollidaysburg foundry firm has an order for one thousand coffee mills.

—L. J. Driggs has put a corn sheller in his mill and is now ready to shell corn for his customers.

—The new choir in St. Michael's Catholic church, Loretto, is said to be a great and much needed improvement.

—A good many new leaves that were turned over on New Year's, have already got turned back again.

—Messrs. Bert and Edward Williams, of Homestead, sons of T. J. Williams of this place, are spending a few days on a visit to the parental roof.

—Mr. George Walters, a prominent citizen of W hite township, died on Friday last at the age of about 83 years.

—Horace Patchin, a wealthy and well known citizen of Clearfield county, died on the 23rd ult., aged 67 years.

—Mr. George Myers, the new Poor House director, took the oath of office and entered upon his duties on Monday last.

—Truth is mighty, and will prevail; Hunt's Remedy cures like magic all diseases of kidneys, liver and urinary organs.

—John E. Scanlan, Esq. who has been seriously ill for several weeks, has been improved so that he is able to be out.

—McDonald at Loretto sells boys boots at from $1. to $2. per pair; mens' boots from $2. to 4.; children's shoes from 50 cts. to $1.; misses' shoes from 75 cts. to $1.50; ladies' shoes from $1. to $2.; misses', ladies', and men's rubbers of all kinds at lowest prices, for cash or marketable produce.

—Three hundred and thirty convicts were thrown into idleness last week at the Western Penitentiary by the expiration of contracts with the Penn'a Construction Co., iron works, and Long & Sheppard, cigars and brooms. These convicts will remain idle until some other industry is provided for them. They will probably be put to rug-making.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Wm. F. Gable & Co., of Altoona, which appears at the top of this page. Messrs. Gable & Co. are live business men and take the lead as merchants in Altoona; and any of our readers who visit that city will do well to visit their large establishment, whice they will find filled with seasonable goods at very low prices.

—The Gallitzin Cornet Band held a ball in Armory Hall, this place, on New Year's afternoon and evening. Every thing was conducted in a satisfactory manner and

—Alexander Gilchrist, a blind soldier, of the town of Indiana, whose eyesight was destroyed by the march over Limestone Park, in Tennessee, during the war, received a check on Saturday last from the Pension Agent at Pittsburg for $12,161.84, all on account of back pay. This is the largest amount that has ever been paid to any single pensioner. From this time on he will receive $72 per month, the amount prescribed by law for persons who have become totally blind from disease contracted in the service. Gilchrist's application has been pending ever since 1864.

—Mrs. McCormick, relict of Patrick McCormick, formerly of Summerhill township, this county, died in Minneanapolis, Minn., on Monday of last week, aged about 79 years. Mrs. McCormick went to Minnesota nearly two years ago and kept house for her youngest son, Frank, who left this county for the West several years ago. Her eldest son, John McCormick, a well known citizen of this section of the county, lives on the old homestead near Wilmore. The deceased was a highly respectable lady, and her death, which from her advanced age was to have been expected, will be regretted by all her old Cambria county friends who knew her. In compliance with her own re-

TWO BIG REDUCTIONS IN TWO BIG BRANCHES.

BLANKETS.

In January we take our inventory of stock, and in order to clear up stocks we will now offer some Great Bargains in Blankets. Our regular $3 Blanket at $1.98; our $5 Blanket at $4.121-2; our $3.50 Blanket at $2.75, and so on through the stock. Come and save money.

WM. F. GABLE & CO.,

1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA.

LADIES' COATS.

Newmarkets and Russian Circulars at $5, $6 and $8.50. Fine Broche Cloth Coats at $8; worth $12. Plush Coats with Real Seal Loops and Fine Satin Quilted Lining at $15; worth $22. Children's Coats at Reduced Prices. Every garment we are offering is a Bargain.

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FROM GLASGOW.

Items Prepared by One Whom We Hope to Hear from Often.

GLASGOW, Jan. 4, 1886.

Our merchants are now doing a "land-office" business.

Mr. Wm Troxel has been confined to his residence for some time by illness.

Mr. Ego, of Bellwood, has moved his family here and taken up their residence in our midst.

At present writing the roads are in a terrible condition, and travel is exceedingly difficult.

The coal trade at Mountain Dale still continues brisk, and the supply is scarcely equal to the demand.

Mrs. Fry, an old and much respected lady of this place, has been confined to bed for some time by serious illness

The work of laying track still progresses on the Cresson & Coalport railroad. It is being laid now from both directions; a force of workmen is on the Cresson end also.

An educational meeting at Utahville was held in the Brethern church, of that place, on last Friday and Saturday, during both day and evening It was largely attended by teachers and others.

COMMUNICATED.

PORTAGE, Jan. 5, 1886.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—Trusting that a few lines from this quarter will be of interest to many readers, the writer pens the following:

On the evening of New Year's day Patrick Moran, aged about seventeen years, who for a number of years had been staying with the family of the late Patrick Reilly, near Portage, attended a reverie at the Cambria House, Wilmore, and, it is said, became slightly intoxicated. Where he obtained the means by which his mental powers were thus dethroned is not known to the writer, but the probability is that some readers of the FREEMAN could conjecture with a very considerable degree of certainty. At what time young Moran left for home is a mystery. It is known, however, that he was at the party as late as eleven o'clock New Year's night. The next morning, between the hours of ten and eleven, he was found lying at the foot of a high embankment in front of Mr. John McGovern's house, Wilmore, in an insensible and very much mutilated condition, and besides nearly frozen from having lain so long in the cold. He was taken to the house of Mr. McGovern, where kind and willing hands did all they could to alleviate his sufferings and restore sensibility, but all to no purpose. He lay lingering between life and death until one o'clock Monday morning, when death put an end to his agonies. Whether young Moran ascended the embankment—in doing which he would not be going the road which would lead him

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court since last Tuesday week:

Samuel H. Culbert, Coopersdale, and Frances Constable, Millville.

Lincoln Roberts, Summerhill township, and Mary E. Jones, Cambria township.

Edward W. Ernest, East Liberty, and Lillian Herrington, Johnstown.

Porter Davis and Laura Anderson, Barr township.

William Fisher and Polly Slane, Johnstown.

Harry A. Luther and Emma V. Eger, Carroll township.

Joseph Boyer and Anna L. Constable, Morrellville.

Charles Dickert, Loretto, and Clara Ryan, Gallitzin borough.

Adam Feader and Eveline Croyle, Upper Yoder township.

David J. Houck and Katie S. Gessler, Barr township.

Jacob H. Rose, Adams township, and Anna V. Litzinger, Richland township.

Herman Edleman, Conemaugh borough, and Petronilla Boxler, Woodvale borough.

William Wike and Bridget Ryan, Millville borough.

William Otto and Mary Moran, Prospect boro'.

Joseph Saver and L. Jessie Brubaker, Johnstown.

John Haws, Pittsburg, and Maggie Henegh, Johnstown.

George B. Hubert, South Fork, and Julia Arthurs, Conemaugh township.

Conrad Beinhart and Lizzie Mullen, Conemaugh borough.

John B. Pfaller, Conemaugh borough, and Mary McBride, Prospect borough.

Robert Walton and Katie Hepp, Conemaugh borough.

HYMENEAL.

PATTERSON—KELLY.—Married, on Tuesday, January 4, 1886, by H. Kinkead, Esq., in this place, Mr. James H. Patterson and Miss Charlotte Kelly.

DECKERT—RYAN.—Married, at St. Michael's church, Loretto, on Thursday, January 7, 1886, by Rev. E. A. Bush, Mr. Chas. Deckert, of Loretto, and Miss Clara Ryan, of Gallitzin.

OBITUARY.

THOMPSON.—Died, at the residence of his grandparents, in Philadelphia, Dec. 30, 1885, JOSS P. THOMPSON, only son of Ben. P. Thompson, aged 19 years.

To Gratify His Wife

A Good Reason for Happiness.

"For many years I had suffered from a Complaint which the physicians call Gravel. I had employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded as hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally my wife induced me to try a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy,' which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in our village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and—to make a long story short—I am now as healthy a man as there is in the country.

'Since then I have recommended 'Favorite Remedy' to others whom I knew to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and I assure the public that the 'Favorite Remedy' has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the 'Favorite Remedy,' as I did."—*Washington Monroe, Catskill, N. Y.*

Don't Let a Foolish Prejudice against popular medicines stand between you and the health of your wife, child or baby. It is always right to advertise a blessing. Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy' is a blessing. It has saved thousands, and it will help you. If you are sick from troubles of the Kidneys, Bowels, Liver and Blood, spend One Dollar for this King of Medicines.

Surface Indications

What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the **Pimples, Sties, Sore Eyes, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions** with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into **Scrofula.** This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of **Hereditary Scrofula.**

The medical profession indorse AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

ARGUMENT LIST.—Following is a List of Causes set down for argument at the Court to be held January 11, 1886:

Commonwealth	vs.	Risban
Skees	vs.	Larimer
Hipps & Lloyd	vs.	Laventy
Johnst'n B. & L. Ass'n	vs.	Scott et ux
Varner	vs.	Varner
Lytle	vs.	McGrade
In re application	vs.	Summit Borough
Johnston's Ex'rs	vs.	Trexler
Shaffer	vs.	Coleman
Fry	vs.	Ivory
McMullen et al	vs.	Shoemaker
Thomas	vs.	Reade
Helfrick	vs.	Ashcraft
Commonwealth	vs.	Lee
Petition		John G. Dishong
Except'ns to Aud. Rep't		McGough
Greenwood	vs.	Shiver et al
Exceptions to road	in	Clearfield Twp
Exceptions to road	in	Cambria & Carroll Tp.
Exception to report of viewers in Lilly Borough		

R. A. SHOEMAKER, Prothonotary.

Proth'y's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 28, 1885.

FOR SALE.

Two valuable town lots, 100 by 200 feet, situate in Loretto, Pa., in a very desirable location for business and having theron a good dwelling house, storeroom, stable and other outbuildings, together with a number of good bearing apple trees, well of good water and cistern, all of which are in good condition, will be sold at a very low figure. For terms, etc., apply, on the premises, to JAMES O'DONNELL.

Loretto, Jan. 8, 1886.-tf

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and partial account of Rebecca A. Glass (formerly Rebecca A. Christy) Administratrix of Josiah M. Christy, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, Pa., to make distribution of the fund in the hands of said accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office, in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, on *Tuesday, January 26, 1886*, at **10 o'clock, a. m.**, of said day, to discharge the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

JOHN FENLON, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 24, 1885-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Dr. W. A. Barnett, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Dr. W. A. Barnett, late of Croyle township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

J. T. LONG, Administrator.

Summerhill, Croyle Twp., Dec. 18, 1885.-6t.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held at the office of the Secretary, in Ebensburg, on *Monday, 11th day of January, A. D. 1886*, between the hours of **10 a. m** and **2 p. m.**

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

M. D. KITTELL,

Attorney-at-Law

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

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IMPORTANT TO CITIZENS OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF INforming the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, that we have opened out in the Tudor building on High street, a new, large and complete stock of hardware of every description,

☞ *MECHANICS' TOOLS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE.*
☞ *FARM IMPLEMENTS, FORKS, SPADES, BLAC*
☞ *SMITH TOOLS, HORSE SHOES, HARROW PINS*
☞ *NAILS OF ALL KINDS, BAR IRON and STEEL,*
☞ *HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, RE-*
☞ *VOLVERS, CUTLERY, GUNS, SHELLS,*
☞ *CARTRIDGES, TWINES, CORDAGE, ETC.*

Referring to the above, we respectfully ask the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding country for a share of their patronage. We have been regularly trained in the hardware business, have bought our goods for cash and believe we can offer great inducements to those who desire to purchase.

E. DUFTON & SON.

EBENSBURG, April 3, 1885.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks,

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches

In Key and Stem Winders.

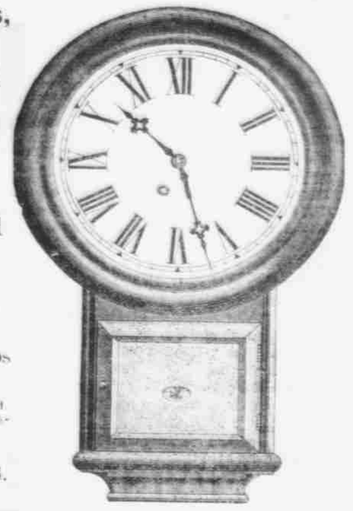
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.



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Jewelers, Furniture Men and Music Can Sell Our Instruments.

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SHONINGER ORGANS,
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DECKER BROS. PIANOS,
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Our business being the largest in Pennsylvania we have facilities for supplying the trade at better rates than you can possibly get from the Factory.

☞ *Correspondents Solicited. Specially Low Prices for Fall Trade.*

S. Hamilton.

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

Nov. 27.-3m.

KENSINGTON STAMPING OUTFIT FREE!

Being fully aware of the great interest the ladies are taking in Kensington Work, we have prepared a Complete Outfit, containing 50 Perforated Stamping patterns, best quality perforated parchment Paper, all the necessary Powders, Box of Gold, Red, Black, White, Pink, Blue, Green, Brown, Yellow, Gray, Steel, Purple, Orange, Navy Blue, Cream, Crimson, Maroon, Olive, Cadet Blue, Slate, Ecru, Magenta, Garnet, Scarlet, Crystal Powder, Box Gilt Powder, Box Bronze Powder, Box Silver Powder, Box Steel Powder, Box Gold Powder, Box Copper Powder, Box Emerald Powder, Box Ruby Powder, Box Amber Powder, Box Sapphire Powder, Box Amethyst Powder, Box Opal Powder, Box Pearl Powder, Box Diamond Powder, Box Turquoise Powder, Box Garnet Powder, Box Topaz Powder, Box Jet Powder, Box Onyx Powder, Box Ivory Powder, Box Coral Powder, Box Rose Powder, Box Violet Powder, Box Lily Powder, Box Heliotrope Powder, Box Daisy Powder, Box Sweet Pea Powder, Box Mignonette Powder, Box Wild Rose Powder, Box Forget-me-not Powder, Box Carnation Powder, Box Sunflower Powder, Box Golden Rod Powder, Box Wild Rose Powder, Box Primrose Powder, Box Clover Powder, Box Daffodil Powder, Box Cowslip

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

How They are Injured and What is Done to Repair the Damage to them.

"Everybody takes considerable interest in his eyes," said a prominent oculist to a reporter, "and I don't think any other portion of the human anatomy is worthy of more attention. Yet it is more abused than any other organ. From early infancy it is treated shamefully. The baby's knuckles poke it and the lids are frequently made to open to expose it to the view of admiring relatives and friends. Boyhood's days bring books to be read and lessons to be worked into the brain through its medium. Youth fills it with tobacco smoke in the one sex and needlework and novels in the other. In maturity it is abused of necessity by the use of spectacles. A poor eye is better than no eye at all. Science has made the deaf to hear by means of various little instruments. Manufactured teeth often serve the purpose better than the originals, and patent working arms and legs often replace the natural members. An eye once lost to its sense of sight can never be replaced by anything that will restore that sense. Artificial eyes have existed as long as there has been any demand for them. "Step this way," said the specialist, "and I will show you a large assortment of them." The doctor reached up to the shelf in his cabinet and took down two small flat boxes. One of them was labelled, "Left Eyes, Assorted," and the other, "Right Eyes, Assorted."

The doctor opened the boxes, and there, resting on soft beds of tissue paper, were hundreds of left and right eyes. They were of every shape, size and color imaginable, and looked perfectly natural in their upward gaze.

The eye was simply a conco-convex shell, and the doctor explained that the natural working and turning of the artificial eye was not due to any improved mechanism, but simply to the modern method of operating on the genuine eye. Instead of removing the injured eye entirely as formerly only a part was removed, and the artificial organ was fitted on the stump, which would continue to move with the muscles.

"Do they ever wear out?"

"Oh yes, that's the beauty of them. The acidity of the tear of the human eye will eat up glass, and it makes them rough and honey-combed like sandstone. They usually last a year and cost $10 apiece. Many wearers buy two or three at a time to have them on hand in case of accident."

"Can a person cry just as well with the artificial eye?"

"Yes. The trouble is they cry a great deal more from the unnatural irritation. The artificial eye is made from a bulb of glass having a slight ovality blown, on the end of a rod of glass about the size of a pencil. From the sphere thus blown a segment is flattened out for the iris and pupil. A circular patch of black pigment in the centre forms the pupil. The painting of the iris is done with delicate enamel colors, and then a bulb of clear crystal glass is placed over it. The red veins are traced with fine films of red glass laid on and fused. Probably over 10,000 people in the United States wear artificial eyes."

Dr. William Siemens devised an artificial eye which is sensitive to light and to differences in color, gives signs of fatigue when subjected to prolonged action of light, and regains its strength after resting with closed lid; and, by electromagnet attachment, may be made to close itself involuntarily at a vivid flash. Such an eye would be worth having. It is well-known, too, that the vibration of musical tones may by ordinary conducting wires be transmitted and delivered to the ear, and it remains to be seen, says Dr. Siemens, whether light vibrations may not be transmitted to the brain in the absence of the natural eye.

FARM BOYS.

Many a bright boy, reared on a farm, is beginning to think about going to the city, and, generally speaking, his mother encourages him. She can't bear to have her son toiling in the field, when she is sure he would grace a profession. So she manages to crowd him through a college, and he commences his legal studies in a lawyer's office. Years pass before he can be admitted to the bar; and how long must he contend against fearful rivalry and difficulties before he finds himself favored with a tolerable practise? But although he at length becomes eminent and wealthy, what pains must be made in health and constitution before he shall have found himself at the summit of the toilsome ascent, to say nothing of the little time afforded him through his long and weary journey for the duties and enjoyments of the domestic hearth. Still more to be deprecated—the medical life. How repugnant the lectures and the dissecting room, preparatory to becoming a licentiate; then the incessant rounds of visits to the chambers of the sick and dying; the calls, touching even upon repasts and ordinary repose, render the life of the physician less comfortable than the lawyer's.

There must be lawyers and doctors, I admit, but are there not too many already? And is it not ill-judged in parents to encourage their sons to enter upon professions, to whom nature, perhaps, has denied the aptitude and talent that give promise of success in a line where competition is so formidable. But, unfortunately, the calling of the lawyer and doctor is held to be genteel, and that of the farmer vulgar; and this it is to be feared, determines the choice of hundreds. How irrational, how ill-advised, let the disappointed and broken-down practitioners themselves bear witness!

In mercantile pursuits one draws a prize while forty toil on unremunerated or become bankrupts. Why not, ambitious lady mother, give your boy an agricultural education, and make him a scientific, practical farmer? How much healthier, happier—aye, and more wealth in the end—will he be than those who toil in the noisome atmosphere of the counting rooms, courts or hospitals? Give the boy a good education, sending him to an agricultural college if you please, but instil into him a love of rural life, with habits conservative of health and morals and promotive of virtue, economy and industry.—*Ben Perley Poore.*

WARNER BRO'S
CELEBRATED
CORALINE
CORSETS

Mary Anderson writes: I am delighted with your Coraline Corset. It is perfect in fit and elegant in design and workmanship.

FLEXIBLE HIP · HEALTH · NURSING
ABDOMINAL · CORALINE · MISSES

Coraline is not Hemp, Jute, Tampico, or Mexican Grass.
Coraline is used in no goods except those sold by WARNER BROTHERS.
The genuine Coraline is superior to whalebone, and gives honest value and perfect satisfaction.
Imitations are a fraud and dear at any price.
For sale by all leading merchants. Price from $1.00 up.
WARNER BROTHERS,
353 BROADWAY, New York. 141 & 143 WABASH AVE., Chicago.

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WHOLESALE HEADQUARTERS
MILLINERY
—AND—
SPECIALTIES.
Corsets, Jerseys, Gloves, Veilings, Nets, Ladies' Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Spool Silks, Floss and Arrasene.
Merchants and Milliners will receive our Monthly Journal of Fashion *Free* if they will send us their address.
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PE-RU-NA
Peruna is composed wholly of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most efficient of all the herbal remedies known to medical science. It cures without failure every case of
Chronic Catarrh, Consumption, General and Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Chronic Rheumatism, Diabetis, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Stomach.
If your Druggist is out of our pamphlets call on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in those advertisements, of the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio. (No. 4.)
MANALIN positively cures Constipation, Piles and Diarrhœa. Sold by all druggists. Small size, powder or tablets, $5.00. Directions in English and German.

DR. SELLERS'
OVER 1000000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE 25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP
DON'T FORGET THAT
DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER
ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
P. E. SELLERS & CO. Props. PITTSBURGH PA.

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R. R. LANDS
In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.
From Lake Superior to Puget Sound.
At prices ranging chiefly from $2 to $6 per acre, on 5 to 10 years' time. This is the Best Country for securing Good Homes now open for settlement.
FREE Land Free under the Homestead and Timber Culture Laws. NOTE —10,818,433 Acres OF MORE THAN HALF of all the Public Lands disposed of by this Government have been within the Northern Pacific Country. Books and Maps, sent FREE, describing the "Northern Pacific Country," the Railroad Lands for Sale and the FREE Government Lands. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com'r, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

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ORGANS: PIANOS:
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Duff's Mercantile College, Pittsburgh.
A live school, imparting a practical business education; enabling young men to enter upon the active duties of life. For circular address P. DUFF & SONS. (Sept. 2—2m.

FOR SALE!
Clydesdale Stallions and Galloway Bulls.
Address McKAY BROS., Roseville Farm, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Consult Dr. DE BUTTS
Dr. La Buff, Successor to Dr. De Butts, Deceased, 20 Years' Experience, 10 Years in this City, Treats with Success all Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilis and Venereal Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Reasonable. Treated Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail. Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something in their advantage. If not a truss. Address Dr. C. L. LaBARRE, Physician and Physician in Charge Central Med. Surg. Institute, 3709 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 20 Years.

SELWYN HALL, READING, PENN'A.
A Military School for Boys. Thorough instruction. Boys conducted upon the Military plan. Terms moderate. For circulars address L. C. BIDDLE, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE
"PEARL TOP" LAMP CHIMNEY
Pat. Oct. 30th, 1883.
Made only of the finest and best quality of Glass for withstanding heat.
Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright Glass.
Manufactured ONLY by
GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.
Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOK
"SPY OF THE REBELLION."
Now selling by the *Tens of Thousands*. No competition. Only book of its kind. The "SPY" reveals many *secrets of the war* never before published. A graphic account of the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln. Splendid steel engravings. Enter the Secret Service in the Rebel Capitol; their heroic bravery fully recounted in these vivid sketches. The "Spy" is the most thrilling war book ever published. Sample Pages and Agents' testimonials. A large handsome book, 608 pages, 50 illustrations. Price $1.50.
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Health is Wealth!

Dr. J. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
JOHN C. WEST & CO.,
862 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILLS.,
Sole Prop'rs. Sent's Liver Pills.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS
have stood for 20 years the Standard Remedy for the cure of *Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache*, and all derangements of the Liver. Sold by Sellers' Liver Pills stand as one of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work.—Wm. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have saved me hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills."—Geo. Adams, Big Saddle, Kentucky. Price 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists. Manufactured by Sellers' Keepers. E. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'r, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The birds of Labrador, according to Mr. L. M. Turner, embrace 764 species.

A German chemist has ascertained that poisons—such as prussic acid, corrosive sublimate and sulphuretted hydrogen—destroy the germinating power of seeds.

The Japanese Government proposes making adequate provision for instruction in medical science by dividing the country into six sections, in each of which will be established a college for the training of future physicians and surgeons.

Unclean hands seem to be an unavoidable evil. Dr. Forster, an Italian investigator, has shown that after the most thorough washings and brushings with soap and water and rinsings with carbolic acid and disinfectants of various kinds, the hands are still so impure that upon touching them to sterilized gelatine micro-organisms are developed.

It is often a matter of surprise that drunken men sustain little or no injury from falls which might have been expected to result fatally. The reason of this immunity is that the nerve centres are so paralyzed in the drunken man as not to be effected by the shock of the fall, which, in a sober man, would have acted upon them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest the circulation, and cause instant death.

An investigation by Mr. W. F. Smith, an American chemist, indicates that good cider never contains less than three and one-half per cent. of alcohol, and should have about five per cent. The acetic-acid in genuine cider vinegar may fall below four per cent., but a good article should contain five per cent., and from five and one-half to seven per cent. when prepared from the better grades of cider.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!
Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.
But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by Avery: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.
The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!
Strong in intellect, physical vigor, in energy and ambition, an confronts, undaunted, gigantic and commands applause for his magnificent excitements. But, all un- come—the rudder of stitution is gone. He has been corc- its preservation; mental strain, as achievements, irregular habits, work, have destroyed the mainsprings and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveller.*

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

THE NEW CORSET.
THE TRICORA RELIEF
Having elastic gores in sides, which yield to the various positions of the body in stooping, sitting or reclining. It affords great relief and comfort to many who find ordinary Corsets oppressive. The "TRICORA" stays used for boning, are unequalled for durability & comfortable support, & are absolutely unbreakable. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.
Sample Pair mailed free for $1.00
Price $1.00
Ask for it
This most Durable, Comfortable, and Healthful Corset ever sold at its price.
Every pair warranted to give satisfaction or money returned.
J. G. FITZPATRICK & CO., Mfrs., 71 Leonard Street, NEW YORK.
Please mention this paper in ordering.

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Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner Sets and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, &c. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 88 pieces with $10 and $12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 and 97 pieces with $12 and $15 orders. STEM-WINDING GENTS WATCHES with $15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with $20 orders. Send us your address and we will explain; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.
210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

ANAKESIS.
PILES
"ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and rapidly cures the most painful cases of Piles. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, $1.00 per box. Pamphlet, for stamp. Sample sent FREE by Prepaid on receipt of price. Never let "ANAKESIS" be palmed off on you.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ask for "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH," and take no other, or Pennyroyal Pills. Sold by Druggists everywhere. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
At Druggists. Trade supplied by Keller & Shoemaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed! SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) CHASE BROTHERS, Rochester, N. Y.

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PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $160,000
Only 7 Assessments in 28 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. H. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Don't crowd the hens.

Use the cans for lards.

Now for a compost heap.

Is every tool in its place?

Deep freezing benefits the soil.

Digging usually goes well now.

Start the night with warm feet.

Keep the seeds out of the way of mice.

Fair fall prices for animals are as good as big spring prices.

Steady cold, not heat, is what cabbage wants for keeping well.

Wrap tarred felt around young trees to prevent their being girdled.

Egg eating in hens is a catching vice; hens found guilty should be killed at once.

To keep fresh grass they must be stored in a place that is both cool and dark. The bunche must be placed so they will not touch.

Boot soles soaked in a mixture of linseed oil and pine pitch in equal parts are proof against dampness soaking through. Try it.

For fair treatment, in the securing of good crops, orchards, whether in grass or tilled, need a light dressing of manure every year. This is a good time to apply it if the snow is off the ground. It should be fine and old.

If you find the pump frozen on some cold morning procure a lead pipe or any kind of a tube and lower it to rest on the ice. Into this pour hot water by the use of a funnel. The force of the water in one spot through the pipe will cause the ice to melt rapidly.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.

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"And nervous debility. I have just" Returned "From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good! Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated!!!" And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength! and "Flesh!" And hardly a day passes but what I am
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